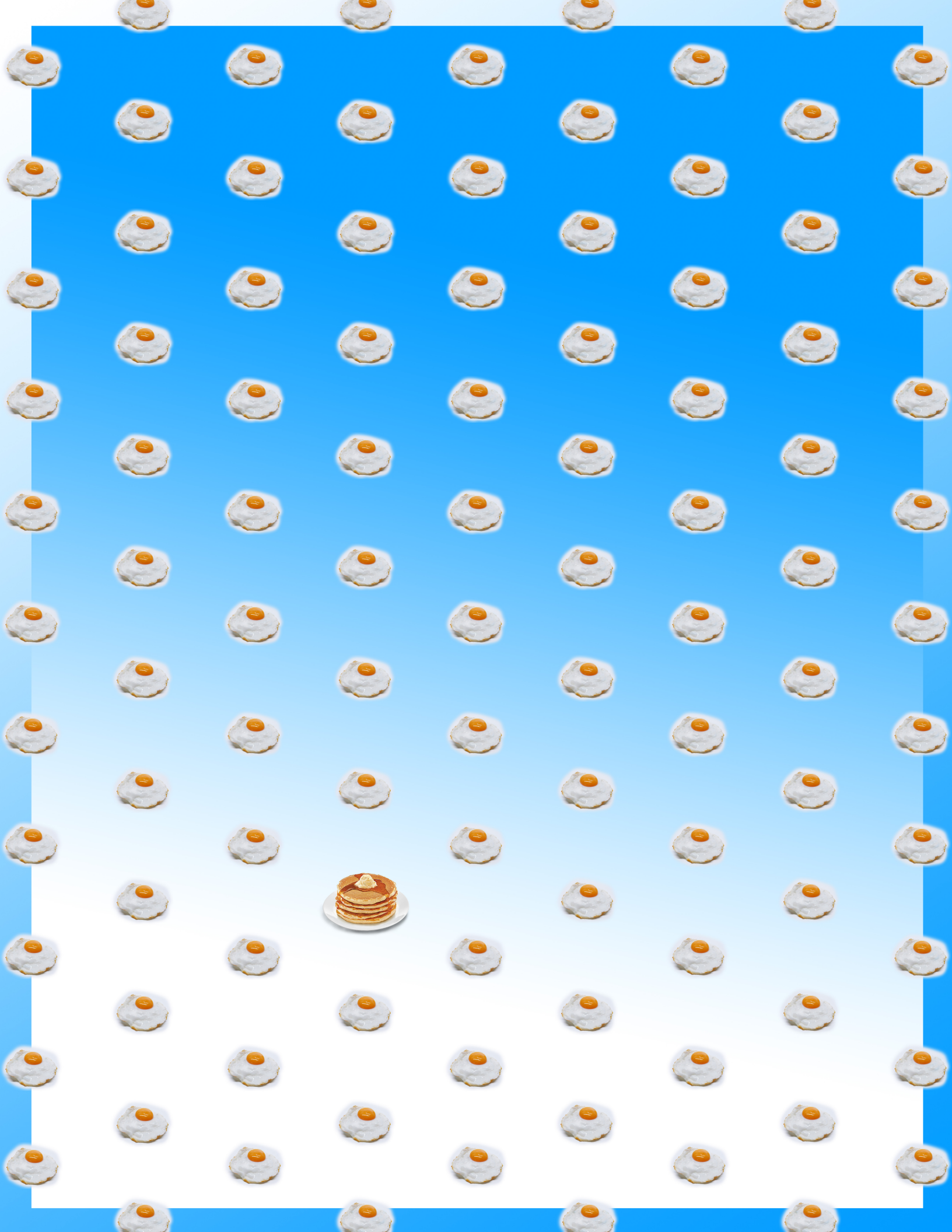




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Last week my therapist asked me how I felt about graduating college, entering the world, the workforce, etc and I said "weirdly totally fine!" She then said "that's not weird, it seemed like the hard part for you was BEING IN college, no surprise leaving will be a breeze!" And god dammit she's totally right! U of O and I had a very tumultuous relationship: I applied to transfer many times and kept coming back for the unbeatable price tag of "less than any private college, bitch!" The Oregon Voice has been a major point of solace for me when the rest of this institution has left me frustrated and angry. In addition to the magazine I hold so dear to my heart, there have been a handful of professors and classes that I'm going to list below and implore in all of you sticking around for another year to take if the world, Michael Schill's latent racism, U of O's latent racism, The Emerald's poor journalism and latent racism or anything else gets you down. I'm very ready to leave this campus and Eugene, but I hope OV staffers and readers who aren't graduating stay motivated to keep working and fighting against the oppressive nature of higher education on this campus and outside of it. Thank you all so much for giving me friendship, readership, new knowledge and insight every day, help in all forms and tons o' luv.

Power To The Ice Pick since 1989!

(classes to take to help you maintain some faith in U of O's faculty: anything with Michael Hames-Garcia but specifically ES 352 Social Equity and Criminal Justice, anything with Ernesto Martinez but specifically ES 410 Queer Ethnic Literature, any folklore class with Daniel Wojcik, HIS 351 American Radicalism with Daniel Pope and literally any class with Asilia Franklin-Phillips!)

Emma Burke

(it's 11:00 pm can u copy and paste this plz into a word document I just got off shit show job and I don't have wifi in shit show studio apartment because I wanted to save myself money so I could keep taking myself to brunch spreading my dimes on the syrupy linoleum for undercooked eggs and bitter bean juice) brunch shifts are where the big money is at. For my first job I made cappuccinos in summer's evenings for Portland's unusually large Bosnian population. My second food service job I slung waffles across from the blue brick wall tourists leaned against their selfie sticks out fingers sticky glutinous scraps still stuck in teeth. My third food service job I'd bring 'em coffee with sweetener layered plates of various carbohydrates on my forearms cried internally when the femmes just asked for egg whites with spinach and offered a wink to regulars that asked for "the real maple syrup Hal none of that plastic bullshit". The job I just quit Orange Juice was 6\$ and when I balanced a tray on my shoulder and splayed fingers i felt like an American girl doll. There is nothing more patriotic than breakfast food and tips. Breakfast is the most important meal of the day for people with eating disorders because it's the most acceptable meal to drink stimulant or liquified fruit. Breakfast is the most important meal at Denny's because of the 2/4/6 value menu and Dennys is the most important restaurant in America because one night last August I biked on the shoulder of i5 because I was ready to disappear but instead got a cup of coffee. Scratch that I'll write this tomorrow post egg
Love u emma
I'm sorry I'm like this

Hallie Frost



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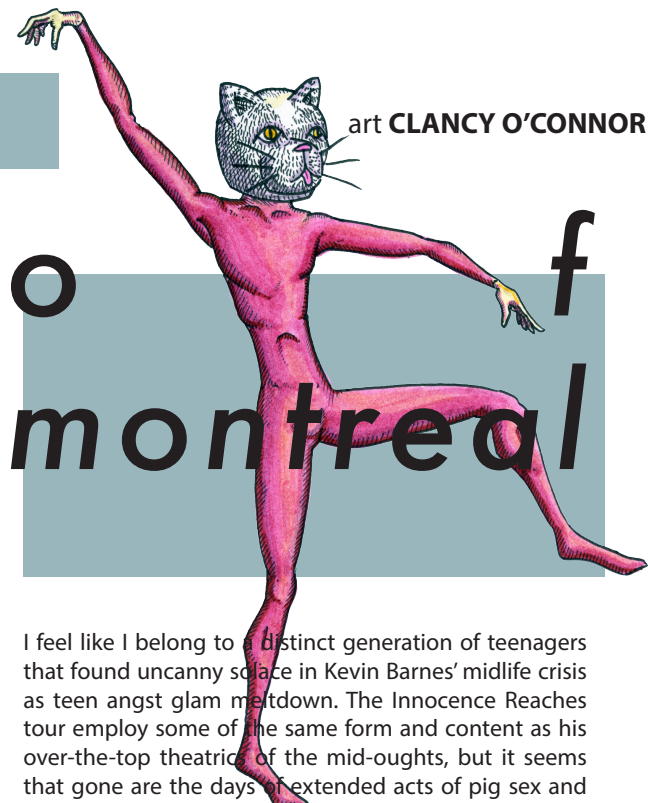
Diet Cig and Lisa Prank started their west coast tour with this cozy show at the Boreal, a venue where you are feet from the artists and eye to eye. Lisa Prank opened wearing her large sparkly crown with "PRANK" written on it as per usual, entertaining the crowd with her sweet whiney songs and half hearted jokes. When Diet Cig came on they urged the crowd not to mosh, preaching that "being kind and soft will destroy fascism." Through the show the singer guitar player Alex Luciano bounced around the stage doing high kicks and jumping off the speakers and drum set. The energy was so positive and the band had that fresh enthusiasm of a new tour. If you have the chance to catch them I suggest you go and dance your angsty teen girl problems away.

words **ANNA MARIE BALDWIN**

t h e l u r e

"The Lure" is the debut film from Polish director Agnieszka Smoczyńska that is a frenzied marriage of elaborate musical numbers, horror, and comedy. "The Lure" explores the themes of sacrifice, teenage sexuality, and commodification of the female form through a twisted Anderson fairytale gone wrong. In a 1980's Warsaw full of seedy nightclubs and colored disco lights, two mermaids come ashore with the intents of ensnaring men with their enchanting voices and eating their flesh. Instead, sisters Gold and Silver become underaged performers in an aging woman's cabaret. Their serpent-like, monstrous tails turn into legs when they come ashore, but are normalized in the film's world; at one point, they tastefully pose onstage in a giant fishbowl. The sisters are mirrored images of each other, inseparable with a secret language, but they begin to grow apart as their interests in Warsaw divide. Gold stalks the streets at night looking for male victims, tearing out their hearts and eating their flesh in cold, marshy water. Silver becomes enchanted with the handsome male bassist in the band. Despite his feelings for her, he won't be with her because she lacks female sex organs, and she desperately pursues him even when he tells her she will always just be an animal to him. But what's the moral of this modern fable? Basically, don't sacrifice anything for a plain old terrestrial man. Probably the least realistic component of "The Lure"'s world is that a mermaid would fall for an unexceptional human bassist, anyway.

words **IRIS KITTLESON**



art **CLANCY O'CONNOR**

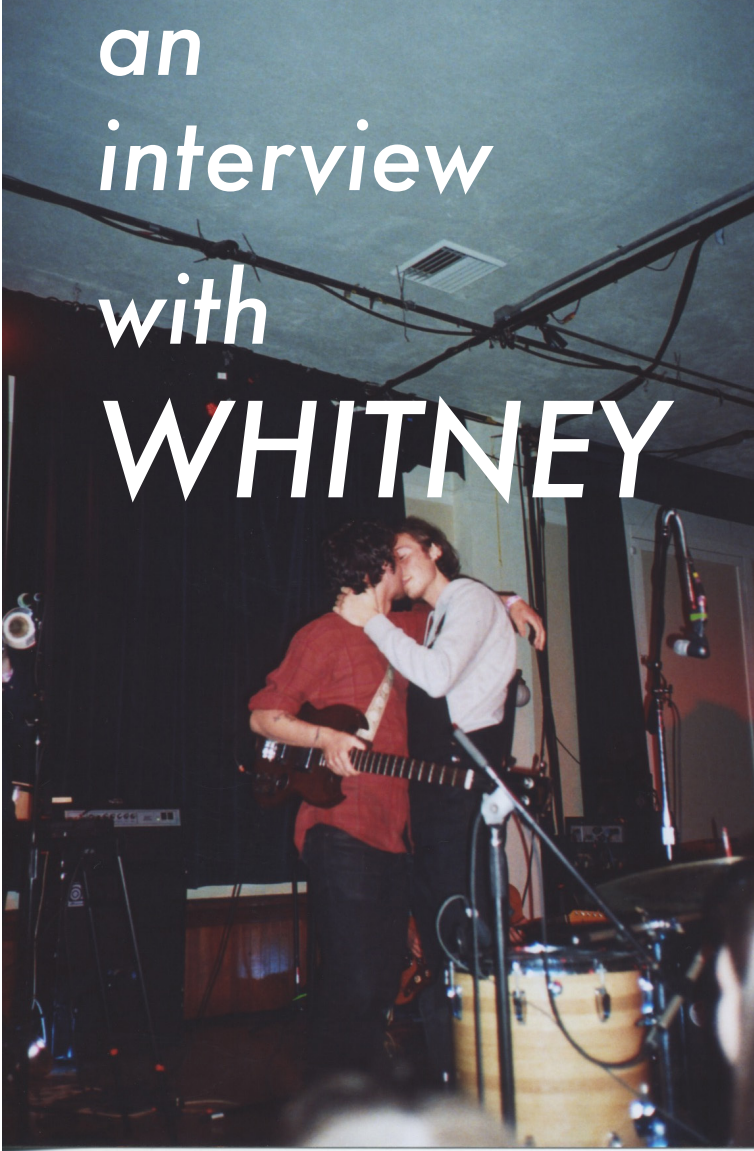
I feel like I belong to a distinct generation of teenagers that found uncanny solace in Kevin Barnes' midlife crisis as teen angst glam meltdown. The Innocence Reaches tour employ some of the same form and content as his over-the-top theatrics of the mid-oughts, but it seems that gone are the days of extended acts of pig sex and penis horses shooting cum balloons (not to mention dumping human hair on the audience). This time around, Barnes donned an orange dress with a platinum blonde wig for nearly the whole show without getting fully naked at all: a testament to the band's new commitment to stability in the wake of his divorce. Is this an older and wiser Kevin Barnes? The EDM influence says one thing, but the conventional rock show vibe says another. However, growing older doesn't have to mean growing boring. Ditching some of the stage antics showed a version of the band that, as always, is one step ahead of how it is perceived: a strong and steady rock band that delivers for the price of the ticket.

words **MIES SHEPARD**



art **HALLIE FROST**

an interview with **WHITNEY**



words and photos
SHAE WIRTH
THOMAS BUCHANAN

On Thursday, April 14th, OV contributor Shae Wirth and his roommate Thomas Buchanan sat down with Max Kakacek and Julien Ehrlich of the band Whitney before their show at the WOW Hall to discuss being on tour, breakfast food, and how they maintain their gorgeous looks.

How's the tour going and what is next for Whitney?

Julien: Yeah it's been fun. We were in portland last night and we play here at the WOW Hall tonight. Speaking of Oregon, we are actually coming back to do a month of writing at a cabin on Mt. Hood although we are right next to the sickest bar of all time though so maybe we won't get anything done.

Speaking of bars what is your go-to karaoke song?

Max and Julien: "How's It Going to Be" by Third Eye Blind!

What is your favorite breakfast food? Do you even do breakfast?

Max: You're talking about on a day that I feel like not really hungover and I feel like a normal person?

Julien: *laughing* Which is like never. Honestly, I just go straight to lunch but breakfast burritos are always great if you want to like maybe not eat after that for three or four hours. Or like a fish scramble is pretty damn good.

Max: Any veggie omelet vibe.

Julien: Also breakfast sushi is also sometimes amazing.

Have you ever had a sushi burrito before?

Julien: Dude, yeah! There's also a new thing called a sushi donut. It is pretty crazy. We're all for like experimental sushi

Max: Yes! we are big fans of sushi.

You two are some of the most beautiful men I have ever seen. Any beauty tips?

Julien: My old girlfriend, she kinda had dark nice eyebrows or whatever and she would put eyebrow gel to, like, make them stand out more. I did that a couple times when I was hanging out with her before shows.

Max: Sometimes we put coconut oil in our hair.

Julien: Oh we were also given this grab bag of amazing Kiehl's cosmetics but the only one that I use is this weird spray that like smells like rose water mixed with ocean water. It's like really tight. I don't think it makes you look better though.

Max: It just gives you confidence to look better

Julien: Yeeaah, Feel better, play better. Other than that honestly we don't shower very often. I haven't washed my hair in a year actually.

Oh the no 'poo diet?

Julien: Yes! Honestly, it doesn't smell. I even made my parents smell my hair and they said it was fine.

Anything else you want to say to the people?

Max: Oh, we watched the Ducks basketball games when they were going on. We were all rooting for them.

Julien: I'd like to say: Jordan Bell, if you are listening, you're the only reason why they made it that far. Don't feel bad about boxing out. I hope you feel better.

FICTION

YELLOW KITCHEN

Couples with yellow kitchens, the Real Simple article stated, ripped haphazardly from the magazine, fight more, have higher rates for divorce, and are less satisfied with their lives. My mother waved it in the air above her halo of grey curls. The stripes of yellow paint spread across the wall behind her. Sunflower in the morning, dandelion dreams, pale sunshine, beach blonde, soft cream kitten. Which one felt the brightest reflected back onto my face? I crossed my eyes and gazed into the plaster. My father just shook his head. He didn't believe in color theory and liked pale sunshine the best, the spongy paint roller making a pleasing squishing down as it sucked up the paint. My mother glowered with her arms crossed in the corner watching as the yellow spread over the wall like a mold. "I feel sick already," she complained. My father just grinned under his beard. He thought she was silly, but was used to her eclectic ideas. Her crystals were lined up on the windowsill catching the morning light and her tarot cards were stacked up on her desk. Our family celebrated the summer solstice, the full moon, and harvest festivals. We celebrated my 11th birthday by eating turkey legs at the Renaissance Fair.

In the morning before my first day of 6th grade, gloating, pale sunshine shone down on me, a new malevolence rising. My mother was on edge; her teeth chattered and her hair was rippling with electricity as she slammed my cereal bowl onto the table so hard that whole wheat Cheerios and milk splashed out on my hands. My father glared at her over his newspaper. He grumbled that his coffee was full of grounds and the soy milk was full of curds and sour. His toast burnt black and the fire alarm went off with a shriek. They flapped hand towels at the alarm and screamed at each other for making the other late for work and I slunk away to the bus stop. The new kitchen was full of spite and a yellow bubble

BIBLE CAMP

You look around to everyone surrounding you, their faces illuminated by a single candle they hold in their hands. We sit cross legged upon the floor of the high school auditorium. We listen to the youth faith leader speak of his dad's death and how he turned to drugs and alcohol. He found redemption through our lord and savior. "I never understood how our lord could love us unconditionally, then my wife had our little boy. As I held him I understood love. He looked up to me and reached for my face with his tiny hands. I knew he loved me too. I would do anything for him. Holding him in my arms made me realize that there is so much love to give in this world, no matter

of aggressiveness light filled the room. It outshined me and my new backpack and new shoes. "It's just a bad energy!" my mother yelled when plates and cups began falling out of the cabinets and shattering into ceramic shards on the floor.

We smudged sage in all the corners and under the furniture but the rising, crackling yellow fizz filled us up. We growled and snarled at each other, every movement and sound of clothes rubbing together, a fork scratching a plate, a cough was like nails on a chalkboard. They fought about the US News college rankings, carpooling and office romance. A huge pot of spaghetti was being made, my mother was stirring over it like a vat of poison. Her eyes shot daggers at my father. I hoped the marinara wasn't poisoned. I stalked away into my own room and listened to the chaos through my cheap earphones. The contents of my backpack spilled across the floor, pens rolled under my bed and my notebooks bent. Noodles dried on the walls after my mother threw eggs across the room, my father ducking to avoid the smacking yolks. They were yelling so loud that I could see the uvulas at the back of their throats reverberating with anger. I twisted the noodles around my fork gloomily. My chest was full of dread and sadness. The cat hissed and spit on top of the fridge, it's back a curved half circle with black fur spiking. With a yowl, I watched it jump off the fridge and out the sliding glass door. Goodbye, I thought to myself sadly. I knew I wouldn't see him again while this paint stuck around. I knew something had to change, but my parents were too blinded by frustration and rage to do anything about it.

I crawled gorilla style down the stairs, lugging my buckets and paintbrushes. In the darkness, I splashed the paint across the walls. It sprayed across the wood floors as I spread it with a

paintbrush and my palms. I couldn't tell if it looked nice or neat, but really, I just needed to cover up the yellow. This wasn't an artistic pursuit; it was purely practical. Grey goop dripped down the walls. What a calm, neutral tone. A color without color, conforming and modest. I wanted to wrap myself in it and throw it into the sky so it would drip down and surprise everyone in town with its soft normalcy.

In the backyard, I washed off my hands with the hose, shivering in the night air as daddy long legs crawled over my bare feet and the cat curled around my ankles. My parent's bedroom window loomed ominously above me like a dark maw, malice rolling out of it in waves onto the untamed lawn. When I passed the kitchen door tiptoeing to my room, I could feel the angry presence fighting to be freed, trying to claw its way out from behind the grey. I hoped my makeshift cage would hold.

In the morning, I woke to the soft beeping of a waffle maker. Stacks and stacks of round waffles loaded up plates on the counter. My father hummed as he sliced strawberries, and my mother shimmied past him to warm up maple syrup. She beamed at me as she placed my plate in front of me and her curls smelled like rosemary. They smooched and clinked their coffee mugs together. "I feel like a cloud's been lifted!" my mother exclaimed.

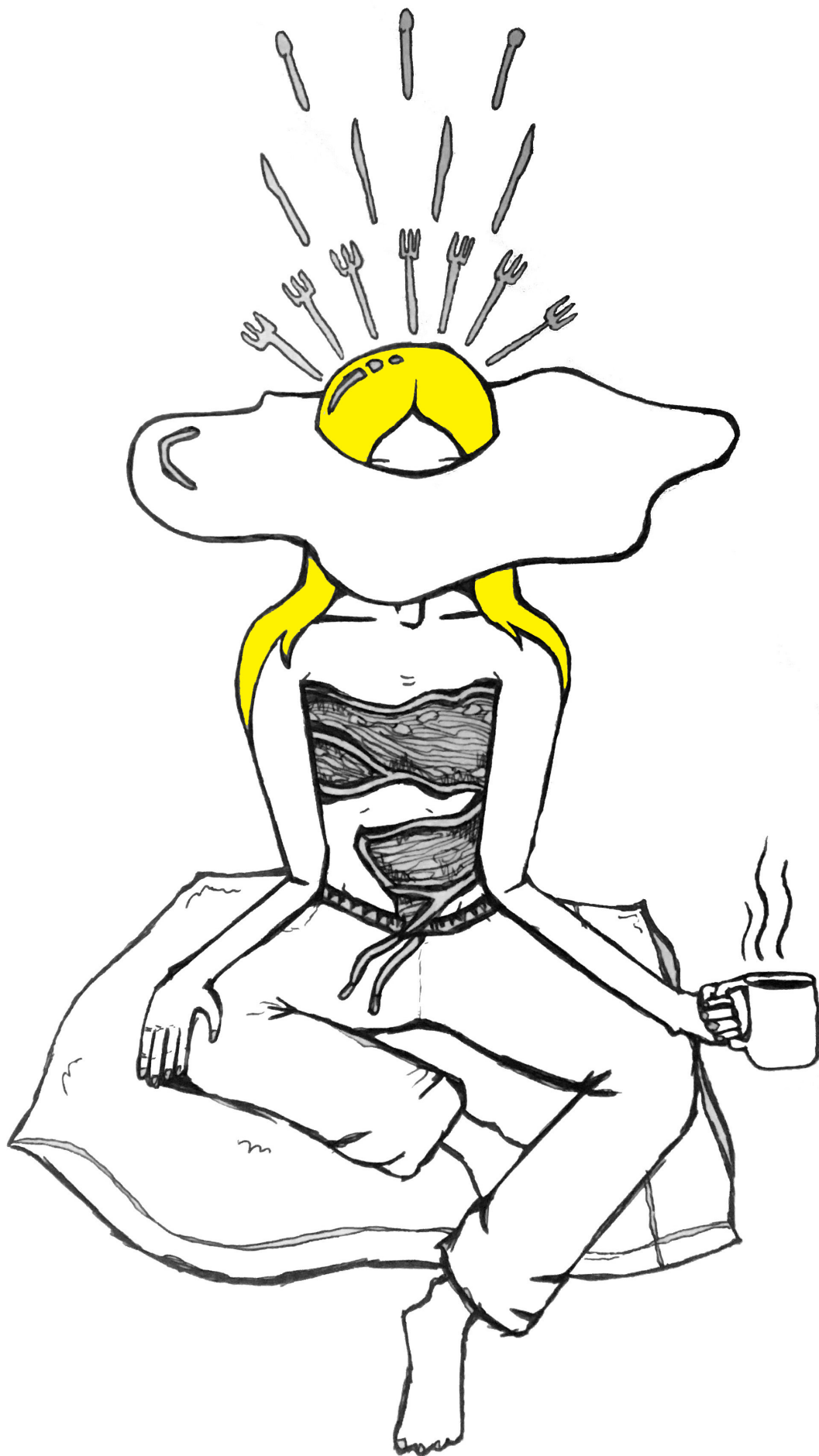
"Yeah," my father responded. "We were in a bit of a funk. There must have been a retrograde of somekind." My mother nodded enthusiastically. I glanced away from my waffles. My paint job was gloppy, messy and streaky. The wood floor was undoubtedly ruined, but toxic yellow mold was banished from the kitchen. Once they realized what I had done, I was sure I would be toast. But for now, I was glad.

words **IRIS KITTLES**

what happens". You see the tears glide down the cheeks of everyone in the crowd, even Ryan Wilson, who teased you for the warts on your knees when you were seven. Your somber peers close their eyes and silently intertwine their thoughts to the higher deity. You try to do the same. But there's no one there listening to your thoughts. You don't feel anything. C'mon, c'mon. Try harder, you think, shutting your eyes tighter. But there's no one there. You can't feel anything. Why can't you feel anything? A grown man poured his heart out and you can't find anything in your heart to feel. Everyone else can, but you find it too grotesque and artificial. Is your heart hollow?

Can you love? Could everyone in the room be faking this intangible connection? It can't be everyone. Something must be wrong with you. You only see darkness when you shut your eyes. And maybe that's just how you are fated to live for the rest of your life. You'll always be a vacant person that will never feel anything. You'll be a miserable person. And who could love that? You sure can't. You hope camp will end sooner, you wanna watch "Whose Line is it Anyway" clips on Youtube again.

words **ERIN SATTERWHITE**



art ANNA MARIE BALDWIN

The Official Comprehensive Oregon Voice Breakfast Spot Reviews Page

Morning Glory

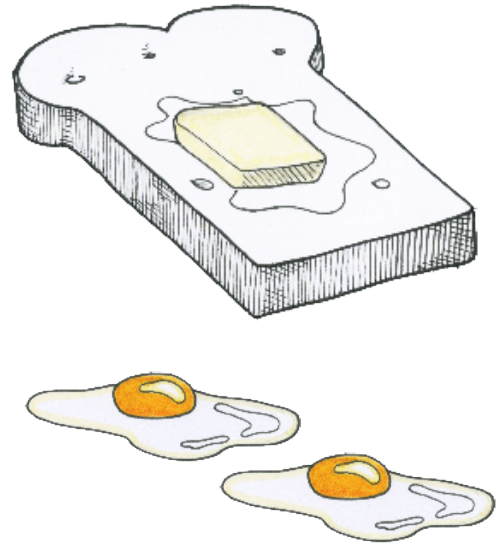
If you're in the mood for a vaguely ethical brunch, the vegan brunch spot, Morning Glory, is the place to be. Adorned with art of forest creatures playing various instruments- which is comforting for anyone that loves wes anderson or was a fleet foxes fan in 2011. The restaurant is usually packed with a mixture of the Eugene punk scene and earthy families with daughters named nebula- or whatever. The wait time can be pretty gnarly if you're a large group. The pretty waitresses flounce about with doc martins and perfectly winged eyeliner. Any preconceived notions of vegan food are not applicable to food here that offers a wide array of vegan and vegetarian options on the menu- from a savory omelettes to a sweet French toast dish. The cheapest thing on the menu is a half order of vegan biscuits and gravy which you can snag for \$4. The coffee is "real good" according to my trusted roommate, Emily. I had an iced latte with almond milk that did the trick.

words **ERIN SATTERTHWAITE**

Dorm Breakfast

It's no McDonald's, but the breakfast sandwiches from Gastro Grub in Hamilton are pretty good. I always order the same thing: bacon, Swiss, and fried egg OVER EASY on a biscuit, to best replicate my favorite McMuffin. I usually overemphasize the OVER EASY part because I've been burned in the past—sometimes, if you're lucky, the egg comes out with a perfectly runny yolk which drips all over the other components of the sandwich and unifies the whole. Most of the time, however, they overcook the egg and the yolk is pale yellow and chalky, a real boner-killer. Even when I practically shout this crucial instruction I'm still disappointed most of the time. Sometimes when I'm extra hungover and tired and the yolk arrives ashen and stiff I have been known to cry, because I'm really, really stupid. On one occasion I even wrote a passive-aggressive Complaint Card and dropped it in the suggestion box at Hamilton Dining: "People should know the difference between over easy and over hard," I said. I never heard back.

words **DOROTHEA MOSMON**



GJ's

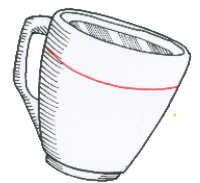
GJ's is a little drive out from campus but so worth it the morning after a wild night. It's a classic diner breakfast spot with huge portions, good hash browns and a surprisingly good cup of coffee. Keeping in line with American traditions, bigger is better. When my friends and I go want a little bit of everything, so we go for a sweet/savory split, a short stack of pancakes for 5.95 and two eggs with hash browns for 6.25. The wait staff is incredibly sweet but expect you to know what you want pretty fast because so many of the people there are regulars. Plan to eat way too much and fall asleep on the couch when you get home.

words **ANNA MARIE BALDWIN**

Jackalope

This establishment located on 4th and Willamette has everything brunch elites are after; outdoor seating, a spicy bloody mary, non-vegan food and no line. On weeknights this corner is populated with regulars, their beer-weighted conversations interrupted by Cascade trains and cigarette drawls. On weekend mornings however there is always a table in the sun to observe the line growing outside Morning Glory. Get half order of biscuits and gravy for \$3.50 or do what I do and drink your brunch.

words **HALLIE FROST**



Marche

Don't go here.

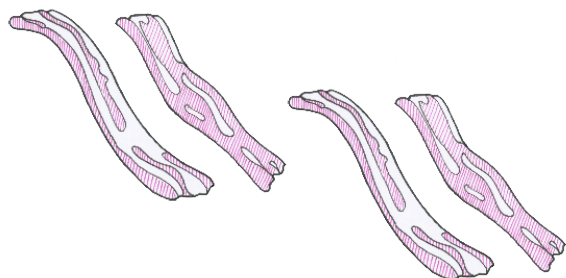
words **HALLIE FROST**



El Super Burrito

El Super Burrito, in my opinion, is the best restaurant in Eugene when you account for cost. Their large and varied menu has a section titled "Breakfast Burritos." The most expensive breakfast burrito option is the Meaty Breakfast Burrito, coming in at \$5. It's big, full of meat and eggs, and so, so delicious. If you're not into four types of meat in your food at once, there are plenty of other options, like chorizo, bacon, or vegetarian options, each costing only \$4. Their house-made salsa verde is perfect on anything, breakfast notwithstanding. With a glass of cold, fresh horchata, there's no better place to get a breakfast bang for your buck.

words **HENRY KORMAN**



Studio One

The wait time for a party of one on a rainy Sunday morning at Studio One Cafe was surprisingly low. I went to the bathroom to blot my face (that was wet from my bike ride over) with a paper towel (that was sort of rough—they should invest in higher quality paper products) and there was a table waiting for me by the time I came out. That being said, the table they gave me was in a sort of windowless make-shift shed with pictures of Oregon cheerleaders all over the walls—not ideal, to say the least. The roof of this shed was thin so it got pretty loud when it started hailing. That, combined with the fact that I couldn't speak very loudly due to a cold, made for a difficult communicative experience. I mostly gestured to the waitstaff with hand signs.

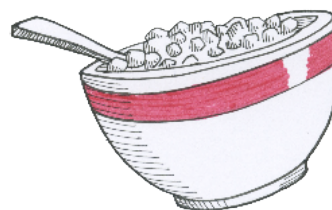
Tip #1 about being a server or food runner at a restaurant: never pass judgment on those you are serving or the food they ordered. I ordered an Eggs Benedict that consisted of ham, spinach and gravy on a biscuit and a side order of pancakes that turned out to be pretty large, but I wanted to try it all. The person who brought my food to me clearly believed that someone else was meeting me for brunch. "No, it's just me," I said, and he looked at me sort of pitifully. Little did he know that I am a professional food critic, reminiscent of Anton Ego from the masterpiece Pixar film *Ratatouille*; I can bring an establishment to its knees. But I probably won't. The food was pretty good, the service was impersonal but quick, and while the decor left a lot to be desired, the ambience was cute. Come here a couple times during your time at the U of O, but don't expect too much. While it's certainly not terrible, it also doesn't live up to the hype.

words **TAYLOR GRIGGS**

Brail's

The toast is always cold how does that happen and you may be in line for 45 minutes but that's no reason to pass over Willamette's favourite greasy spoon with two locations- now also on 5th street! It's not cheap and really unexceptional but I've eaten there a handful of times and none of these things have deterred me which attests for my inability to rationalize pre-coffee. Speaking of which their coffee is from the Brail's roastery which is really good so there you go.

words **HALLIE FROST**



Glenwood

Although Glenwood looks cozy, its cramped layout makes comfortable lounging or discreet conversation difficult. The Standard Eggs plate I ordered looked entirely unremarkable (as was its price), though it tasted how I would have expected. So, to low standards, it was satisfying and on par with all other breakfast lounges I've been to.

Look, it's a good place for ordinary people. It's the place I would visit to disappear—fade into the walls—while making comfort food disappear into me. That's not a bad deal. They offer genuine maple syrup for an additional \$1.95. Is that offensive or is their honesty admirable?

words **ZEEYA ASPENDIAR**

Cornbread Cafe

Get your vegan breakfast how it should be made and roll on by to the Cornbread Cafe to fill your stomach with delicious dishes and savoury sweets. This 60's style dinner is one of the best spots in Eugene if you want to indulge in your vegan comfort food cravings. They serve all kinds of homestyle flashbacks that will have you satisfied and satiated. The breakfast menu will have you drooling by the first dish and your craving for this food will not stop even after the last bite. I would recommend for a first timer the Eggfu Benedict, It has the savory taste that makes your brain salivate and your tongue quiver in anticipation of the sodium on your plate. The interior is a flashback into your grandmother's kitchen style with a blue and yellow color schema that will have you saying; "I'll take that with Vegusto no-moo cheese please!" Not only is the food and drink at this amazing establishment unbelievably delicious but it is also Guy Fieri approved! Ten out of ten would dine again.

words **GABRIEL SPRINTS**

The Witches of West 11th



One Oregon Voice writer's journey into the very real world of Eugene's occult community

The witches of Eugene gather in nature, homes, and makeshift temples. Their paths are different and practitioners come from all ages, professions, and social backgrounds. Elan is a prominent witch in the Willamette valley and has been involved in the Eugene pagan community for 20 years. She was drawn to the Craft as a celebration of nature and the canon of the Greek and Egyptian mythologies. Living in Oregon in her early 20's she was surrounded by friends who had ethics she deeply admired and who she connected with on a deep personal level. Slowly, they confided in her that they were witches. It surprised her that all of her close friends were witches, but it was not discussed, as pagans often face discrimination and fear. She moved to North Dakota, the northern Bible Belt, and tried to find a way to love and value herself the way her young son loved her. Like many pagans, she stumbled into an alternative bookstore and began to read, learn and live as a witch. Throughout her time practicing wicca and shamanism, she has studied with druids, gardnerians, priests, and heathens. In a shamanic circle, there can be people from ten different faiths, what they all have in common is that they agree that the Spirit is real, in the form of one god, many gods, or none. The walls between pagan religions are broken down; it's very common to ebb and flow with a practice and journey between different groups and beliefs. What is important to Elan, though, is that spirituality is a priority. Because of the perceived laid back nature of wicca, Elan struggled with people's lack of priority for the ritual.

Elan travels to five different Oregon prisons to give services at least once a month. At the prisons, she does general pagan rituals of calling directions, casting the circle, and in the heathen custom, blót or sumbe. Blót or sumbe are Northern European traditions of calling the gods and ancestors for help and guidance. Elan's personal attitude that everything one does should be healing can conflict during her prison work, as Norse paganism is a religion of choice for white supremacists. One prison boycotted her for not doing white supremacist rituals, not supporting their group, and leaving Loki, the brother of Odin, in the circle. While Elan does not have a particular pantheon she communicates with, because of recent events, the Norse gods are running amok in her life. Loki came to her and told her he wished she would stop calling him a trickster, because really, he is the god of change. As the blood brother of Odin, the god of wisdom, they work together. Wisdom knows when change should occur, but change is chaotic. To Elan, myths tell the story of how to put things back together when they fall apart. She experienced this change recently when she was hit by a semi truck. Before the accident, she could astrally project and feel that she was truly there, now, it's like watching a movie on a television screen. But, like any change, it comes with its benefits: now she can scry better than she ever has before. Her brain injury is just part of her evolution as a spiritual being, and the flow of her spirituality.

Elan classifies her practice as Feri, a modern form of American Paganism that traces its roots right back to Oregon. While the details of the beginning of Feri remain murky, the Feri tradition follows its lineage to Cora and Victor Anderson. Mostly blind at a young age, Victor possessed the ability to sense auras and astrally project in his childhood.

In Bend, Oregon, he claims he was sexually initiated into the tradition by an old woman who he found sitting in a circle of herbs deep in the woods. She transformed into God as Victor told him he was one of the fairy people who emerged out of Africa. In a way, Anderson never was the founder of the Feri tradition, instead, he believed he was simply passing along ancient traditions. Anderson was initiated into the Harpy Coven in Ashland in 1932, and practiced voodoo and Hawaiian kahuna magic with other groups in Southern Oregon before creating his own coven and initiates. The Feri tradition is centered on the West Coast and is known for being extremely intense. They believe in the darkest gods and goddesses and sex as sacrament, an expulsion of energy that can be used to power formidable magic.

TINY MORTAL IRIS SEARCHES FOR DIVINE CONNECTION

What would it take for me to believe I am divine? Raised on a steady diet of atheism by two biologists, I've always imagined myself as a collection of cells, an evolutionary success, simply living until absorbed back into the material of the Universe. I've never been to any church. The idea of monotheism never appealed to me; and my parents told me the Bible is just a collection of myths written, re-written and translated over thousands of years. When I was five, I had a brass bell that I rang and suspected I could raise the wind with it when the trees began to sway in the backyard. I built tiny houses of moss and sticks in the garden, left sugar crystals and berries inside, and waited for the fairies to come live there. I believed a vampire would dig its needle teeth into my neck if I slept facing the wall, feared a witch would jump out of my closet if I didn't slide the doors shut, and thought aliens hid in the shadowy corners of my room. I pretended my black cat was my familiar. I laughed off mainstream religion, mostly because of the removal of the feminine, colonization, and repeated cruelty, but the symbolism, history, and secrecy has always fascinated me.



MORTAL IRIS ASKS EQUALLY DISSATISFIED HALLIE TO ATTEND GNOSTIC MASS ON EASTER SUNDAY

Surrounded by my peers, I feel distracted, disconnected, and confused. I want the self worth and frankly, validation that would come of communicating with a pantheon of gods, but I know I need something with darkness and brazen confrontation of the chaotic. I hope to find a practice that connects me to the history stretching behind us and the landscape around us, grounding me and inspiring me. Seasonal depression aside, the valley of Eugene is like a swirling bowl of rain clouds and chain restaurants, and it delighted me to find a varied group of pagans. Hallie got off her job bussing the tables of elite Eugenians and walked home in the rain. Alienated and wet she pulled on black fabrics with leather detailing viewing this event as an exercise in costume not spirituality. She is apt to dissociate from sincerity even when delighted at the parallels between The Da Vinci code and the gnostic practice found out on West 11th.

THE MASS

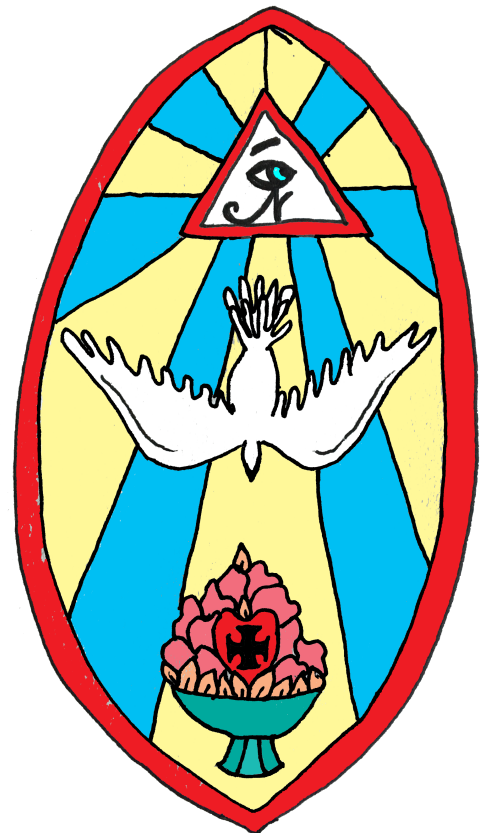
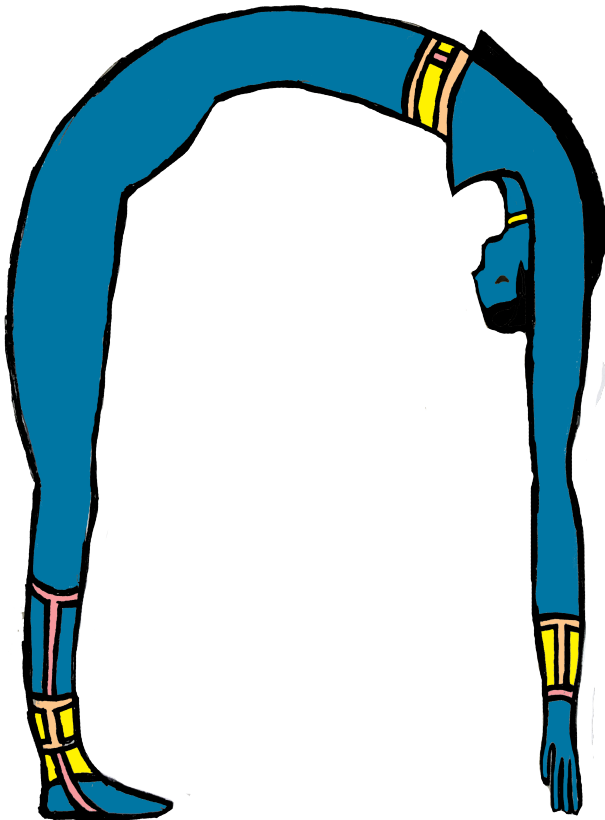
The sky breaks as it does after a hard rain and one can't help but feel the string of greenlights against the neon pink sky signaling divine affirmation for your first ceremony of witches. The Eugene chapter of Ordo Templi Orientis holds worship services deep in a complex of warehouses near Arby's out on West 11th. In the sordid parlour you sit on old sheepskin as the other three congregants pass a vape pen and make small talk of their wives and the Oregon Ducks. The OTO is shaped in the image of secret societies such as the Golden Dawn and the Masons. In 1904 Aleister Crowley transcribed their primary text, The Book of the Law, while in Egypt where he reports being visited by a supernatural being. The text then circulated among 19th century mystics and fringe pagan groups ultimately finding itself on the center of this Altar during gnostic mass at the ends of the New World. Gnostic Mass focuses

on the Thelemic principles of human will, invocation of the pantheon of old gods and modern mystics and the sexual interaction between the priest and priestess. The female body of the Priestess is pleased upon Altar by the Priest who is dressed in red felt. The Deacon calls upon dozens of Gods, calls to the Chaos that our Universe came from and which it will return to, calls to the Sun, bringer of Life. Thick incense fills the air and swirls above the candles. You are called to take communion, a cup of red wine and the Cake of Light (a gluten free cracker with blood burned into ash) and face the naked priestess sitting on top of the altar. The cracker is too dry to chew so it sticks in your cheek as you mumble the edict. "There is no part of me that is not of the gods"

You have never felt less divine, in fact you feel totally, tragically mortal. After the mass the Treasurer gives you magical soap and oil to anoint your dagger, which you now have an excuse to buy. A woman drinks Pabst Blue Ribbon and wishes for her favorite brand of cigarettes (Canadian). The symbolism of the OTO, you realize, is extremely yonic and all this rhetoric is very first wave white feminism. Is chaos a woman? Is Nuit, the goddess of ether who curves over the earth with a starry belly, simply playing the subaltern to Hadit whom she kisses each night? You wonder if the woman being worshipped upon a stage is still being reduced to her anatomy as a simple analogy for the earth which Man still dominates. Are Religious institutions based on the same hierarchies as all other institutions and thus oppress the feminine? Maybe two femmes sharing pizza and a beer post sex-rite is the most spiritually significant experience one can have in this bankrupt town on the I5 corridor.

words **IRIS KITTLESON**

art **ANNA MARIE BALDWIN**



Us V Them Pt. 2

When I wrote this column for the Indulgence issue, I was asking for a space that would cultivate more direct and productive resistance. My pessimistic side says it's naive to think that a space as invested in conformity and profit driven as a university could really offer this, but at least UO is a public school right? Since writing this piece in February, the speed in which acts of resistance, repression, and administrative aggression occur have accelerated rapidly. Without being able to identify what I was in the middle of, I noticed that students at this university became swept up in having to respond to a series of bizarre political impositions.

The most publically egregious of these was on Thursday, April 20th, when Jimmy Marr, a locally active Nazi came to campus. He parked his swastika decorated truck on the corner of thirteenth and University, an intersection zoned on campus for "free speech." The powers of the university treated this violent disturbance like they did any other exercise of "free speech:" police were present, looking on in case they felt something got out of hand, UO Ambassadors steered prospective students away from the EMU, obscuring new Duck eyes to deviation from the day-to-day university normal state of affairs, administrators at Johnson Hall remained silent but distinctly present in their quiet surveillance. I checked my phone compulsively in the ensuing hours, sure that the police who were present at the event would send some kind of an alert. When they didn't notify us even after the police had kicked him off campus, I waited all evening for an email from Michael Schill or some other administrator to no avail.

The silence didn't feel like silence, though. It felt like the cogs of a machine working: one that cosigns the aggression of Nazis by claiming to have no authority to stop them and then tries to erase the shame of permission by erasure. For lack of action by the university administration, students, faculty, and community members responded with efficiency, immediately forming a protest to counteract the visible presence of Nazism on our streets and to spread the word on social media after the fact.

Both in this situation and in a broader context, the mobilization of communities against all kinds of intrusive violence shows itself as an act of necessity, rather than a privilege of choice. On April 28th, I participated in a die-in (editor's note: a take on the sit in where protesters lie down to represent bodies claimed by an oppressive force) to show solidarity with the victims of the American bombings of Syria and Afghanistan. With an expected group of twenty five demonstrators blocking the street on Thirteenth and University, we garnered enough support for the cause to successfully scare administration (who were frantically seeking me out the morning of the protest out of fear we would really disrupt the streets), and to completely interrupt the daily commute of students and faculty to and from classes during peak traffic hour.

I was anxious the days leading up to the rally: phone banking for hours and harassing everybody I know (and don't know) in Eugene to come, worrying on the day of that none of the people who RSVPd would actually show up, thinking that nobody would want to participate or understand while walking by. During the protest, the sun was shining so bright that tears streamed down my face. A friend offered me her hat to cover my eyes and I graciously accepted. I could hear the speech we

had prepared being recited loudly into the megaphone for all the buildings around the EMU quad to hear, but I could not see anybody around me. After a few minutes shielded from the light, I took the hat off my face to briefly look around and I was astounded to see that people walking by were stopping in their tracks to lie down with us. By the time the die-in was finished, there were twice as many people lying down with us than were expected to attend. The solidarity I experienced with these complete strangers is something that is difficult to articulate; I not only felt like I knew each of them, but that we were a part of something that unstoppable even after the event was over.

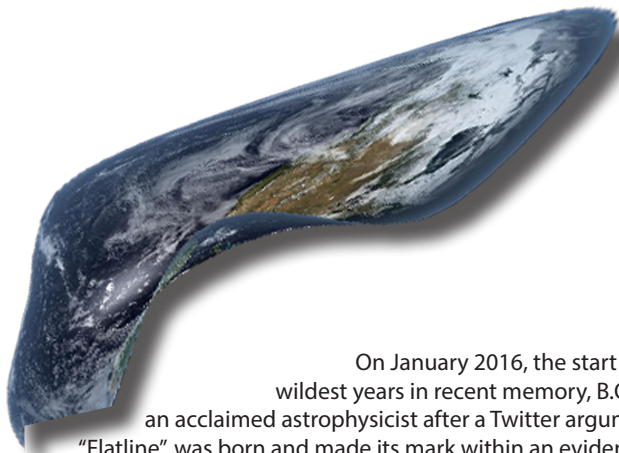
Sometimes, as it turns out, that same feeling of solidarity can come from more adversary conditions. On Tuesday, May 4th, the University of Oregon allowed an "Israel Block Party" at the EMU amphitheater. I was one of a handful of students protesting the Israeli occupation of Palestine for the duration of the protest. We held signs outside the event and chalked the sidewalk in front of us with "Free Palestine," we passed out leaflets about the occupation and answered people's questions about why we were there. This was apparently enough to illicit a response of hostility from many people passing by and some of the event's organizers, who were so belligerent that we had to leave early. From the intermittent jeers to the person who called me a motherfucker while I was leaving, I realized that the protest essentially amounted to standing on the corner and taking what people were giving us. Some people offered us solidarity and important insight, some seemed almost like they would be physically violent towards us. Throughout all of it, I felt the same sense of unity with the people standing with me as I did with the protesters at the die in. No matter what kinds of insults people hurled our way, we counted on each other to be present for the cause.

This is not to suggest that the only, or greatest form of solidarity is standing in opposition against an overwhelming force, but to indicate that the feeling of solidarity between demonstrators (especially people who might not have even planned on attending) is what poses the greatest and longest lasting threat to institutionalized violence. If we want to continue to challenge the University of Oregon's complacency and lack of adequate response to Nazis on campus, to stand up against imperialistic war efforts, to stand up for indigenous rights, this is the sense of group identification we will proceed with.



words **MILES SHEPARD**
art **CLANCY O'CONNOR**

Flat Earth Theory



On January 2016, the start of one of the wildest years in recent memory, B.O.B dropped a diss track on his Soundcloud that was directed at Neil Degrasse Tyson, an acclaimed astrophysicist after a Twitter argument over whether or not the earth is flat. As a result the pro flat-earth theory rap, "Flatline", was born and made its mark within an evidently large group of followers that truly believe the earth is flat. Besides B.O.B, other famous people that have hopped on this belief include Tila Tequila, a public figure mostly known for "A Shot at Love With Tila Tequila" on MTV, a bisexual dating show my Catholic mother wouldn't let me watch. Tina took her beliefs to Twitter and proclaimed "It's 2016 & nobodys been able 2 prove 2 me that the earth is round. Where is the curvature in the horizon? #FlatEarth prove me wrong". Yet, today in 2017 there still had been no hard evidence for flat earthers to put this conspiracy theory to rest.

Basically the theory works like this- first off gravity is a straight up lie and the earth is actually a flat disk. Also, we don't fall off the edge because Antarctica is not a continent as we've been lead to believe, but rather an ice wall that surrounds the disc. The Sun and Moon essentially work like spotlights as they hover and spin around this flat disk. Also, as B.O.B pointed out during his rant, the earth's curvature is not visible to the average human. Just looking at your surrounding would make you believe the earth is flat, when we look out to a horizon we cannot see the earth's curvature.



B.O.B
@bobatl



A lot of people are turned off by the phrase "flat earth" ... but there's no way u can see all the evidence and not know... grow up

1/24/16, 8:54 PM

3,113 RETWEETS 1,772 LIKES



Tila Tequila
@AngelTilaLove

Follow

IF I GET KILLED IN 2016 YOU'LL ALL KNOW IT'S BECAUSE I EXPOSED THE EARTH AS BEING FLAT. #TRUTHEXPOSED

4:32 PM - 7 Jan 2016

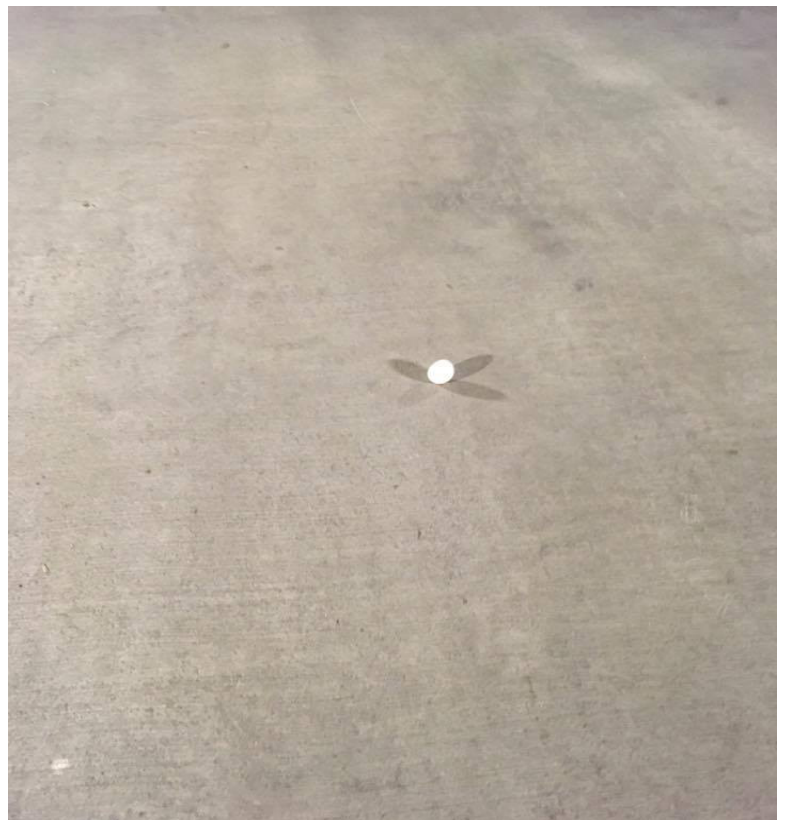
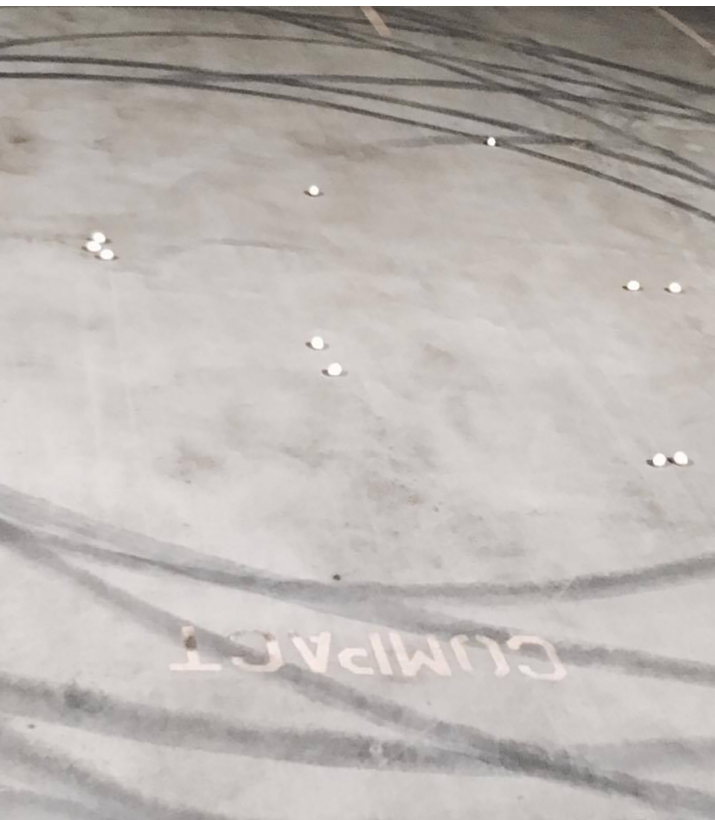
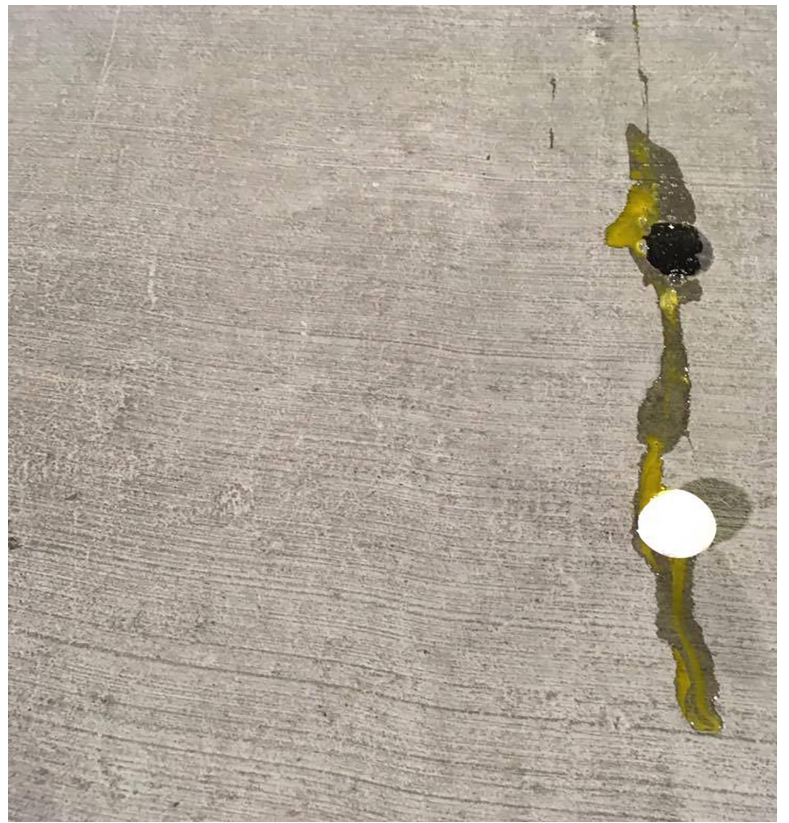
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As a liberal arts major, I don't know enough to conceptually disprove the flat earth theory with scientific facts, so what could be the motive to lie to generations of people that the earth is round? The answer, according to the flat earth community on Youtube, is simple: the globe industry is trying to cash some big bucks by lying to the entire world. The globe industry includes globsusceptible makers, airlines industry and worst of all NASA. Essentially, there's a globe in every classroom that allows the government to perpetuate this globe fallacy to our children's susceptible minds and breed them to be docile adults that are pawns of the government. Accord-

ing to this website that made my Google Chrome crash twice, the airlines are in on this too, in that take dubious and complicated routed for seemingly simple routes. Mostly there is suspicion surrounded flights in the southern hemisphere such as a flight to Australia to South Africa take seemingly unnecessary stops to Dubai in the middle east that is out of the way while having enough fuel for the 12 hour flight. NASA, or our government's fake space program, which is referred to as a "black hole" for taxes. It is undetermined where the money is going, but the government is probably using it for something sinister.

But this wouldn't the first time our government would have lied to us... B.O.B is right...why can't we see the curve. When I look out to the horizon it does look pretty flat. How do we see city skyscrapers from so far away? Isn't our earth curved? Wouldn't buildings be curved? Why can we see the moon during the day? Oh god, is the earth flat?

words **ERIN SATTERTHWAITE**
art **TRICIA KNOPE**





Arcum Nars te Incrum Sulfurum

photos **MILES SHEPARD &
HALLIE FROST**

July 6th, 9:40 am

Mars called this morning around 7:20 to tell me that dad passed in his sleep. Peony is arranging his funeral for next weekend on Oahu. It makes no sense 'cause the dude was from L.A. and his family is here and there are as many suns and beaches and palms here as on her damn property. I asked Mars if we should bother mum. She'll call mom this evening.

July 6th, 11:00 pm

Dexter isn't happy about my taking leave next week, "Silky Beavers Inc. better not take a beating for your little island getaway." He really wants to appeal to the more intellectual, nerdy consumers, "The time for basic burnouts is over." He's a real Boogie Nights Jack Horner type—bless his rock-hard heart. Writers are meeting Monday to Wednesday to get the script and blocking going. I'm technically head of the group with the Watchmen parody, being my idea and all.

July 7th, 11:30 am

Met Miko in the elevator today. He expressed sympathy for dad's passing which was nice: "So poor you, you probably have to fly out to Michigan or something?"

"No, he spent the last 15 years on the north shore of Oahu with his wife."
"Oh. Well. That's a pretty low move, running off while we're getting through the Hell week you planned."
Dexter planned the week, you bleached a-hole!

July 8th, 10:25 pm

Talked to mom today about work stress. She says I don't have to go if I don't want to, but I can't leave Mars all alone to deal with Peony, so. I told her about the Watchmen project. It took a long time for her to respond to that one. "Sol, this is not the way to honor Moore or Manhattan, sorry."
She's right. Dr. Manhattan was my God—Alan Moore, my prophet. The idea of a man exploding into a gazillion atoms and coagulating back into a consciousness with access to the fourth dimension, I mean, wow.
But, if the Dr. taught me anything, it's that Hydrogen makes mistakes, too. If he says, "nothing ever ends," I better get out of this business fast. The moments I'll revisit repeatedly can't all be of the interior of Silky Beavers Inc. and writing to Seamus Long Schlóng's acting abilities (which are none). So, I guess Dr. Manhattan, as part of this parody, is just a means to an end.

I replied, "I don't know, ma. I needed an idea and I thought we could borrow Tobias Fünke's 'I blue myself' a few times and include an orgy with multiple Dr. Manhattans. Throw in some obscene Rorschach images, you know." She sighs, "Whatever, Sol."

July 12th, 3:15pm

Mars and Peony received me at the airport. Mars arrived three days before.

Peony came down in this flowing, gossamer wrap—heels high as heaven, hair big as bush, and her arms ready for a death grip. Her aging, papery skin could be seen around the bikini she's too old for. Her glued-on smile and pointy, weak teeth made me shudder. I vomited in my mouth when her fakeness enveloped me. My restraint faltered and I accidentally parted my lips at the wrong moment. Some pale yellow liquid dribbled out onto Peony's shoulder and down her coverup. Mars widened her eyes in panic. I quickly shook my head, "seal your lips," as Peony released me.

July 12th, 7:55pm

Apparently, Peony is no longer a massive control freak focused on stealing the show. She asked me to write the epitaph for dad's urn. I find the urn thing exceptionally creepy. Can't we just sprinkle him into the sea? Turn him into a tree? Nope, he conspired with her to spend the rest of his eternity in a hideous oriental urn.

I tried my hand at the epitaph:

HERE LIES THE FATHER
FLIGHTY SON
DISLOYAL BROTHER
ADULTERER

Mars just pursed her lips, snatched the paper and wrote some platitudes.

July 13th, 2:45 am

Tomorrow/Today is the funeral and Peony has planned a breakfast to celebrate his life. She is the Yoko Ono of my universe. I'm surprised she hasn't made me buy back all the mementos from my childhood that dad kept. I'm surprised she hasn't stolen another man and all his money. I'm surprised she hasn't ordered me swept off to planet Mars. I guess a Peony-Yoko-Ono makes dad John Lennon. Lennon—the T. rex of douches. Seems fitting.

Mars keeps encouraging me to "find peace with myself". She's frozen in clichés. I imagine I'm Dr. Manhattan. I try to revisit moments with dad: making blueberry pancakes, picking out a dog from the shelter, learning to drive a stickshift. But everytime I go back, he doesn't talk to me. I can't recall the words—only the images. And it's not enough.

Roy's C-Beam speech from Blade Runner popped up in my mind, "All those moments will be lost in time, like tears in rain."

July 13th, 2:50 pm

The breakfast-funeral was one gauche display by Peony. Literally hundreds of people cramming their plates with tropical fruits and spam and eggs and squeezing onto picnic tables under a covered area.

Peony gave a speech about how breakfast was dad's favorite meal of the day and how the two of them were such foodies they would spend whole days in the house cooking one dish after another.

I just stared down at a plate of pineapple, lost myself in the sunny yellow of its flesh, and let the sea breeze whip my hair about and hide my face. How did it get to this? Breakfast? A man is gone and I'm there commemorating him with a plate of pineapple and a funny feeling on my tongue?

Peony had the guests walk past his open urn as if it were a casket. This made me smile like a psychopath. The only other time I lit up was when someone asked me what I do for a living. Dexter earned some good plugs for Silky Beavers Inc. Sales better be up.

July 14th, 12:00 pm

This morning Peony took us to the attic to look through dad's boxes. I don't know when he brought them over, but they were crammed with cards we made for him, year-book photos, hideous pieces of art, pictures of the family, my short stories and poems, etc. There was even a thumbdrive hiding a stash of Silky Beaver Inc. films I took part in writing. As soon as Peony left to give Mars and me some privacy, Mars puts on her serious face, "I think we should extend some more respect and forgiveness towards Peony," she forces out.

I don't look at her. I keep sorting. "Why?" It's always been me and Mars versus Peony. Why should that change?

"I've changed my mind, Sol. It's been a long time."

"You changed your mind? You just up and changed your mind?"

She gulps. "Hmmm, no. Over the past week I've gotten to know her better and dad's such a big part of her now that. . . that it's time to let the past be and move on, y'know. Just appreciate him through her."

Oh, I feel sick. Like someone's stretching out my bones. "You can't just change your mind like that. Time can't magically heal all the people he and Peony screwed over!"

"Well, Dr. Manhattan changed his mind about the value, the 'thermodynamic miracle', of each life, each person! Malcolm X changed his mind about race relations after returning from the Haj. If they could reconsider concepts that big, I'm sure, in the end, we can flip on something as small as Peony."

"You don't understand Watchmen or Dr. Manhattan, stop trying."

"You're still stuck in your comics. Instead of traveling through time you're practicing the opposite."

Ooooh wow, that's ignorant. My eyes narrow, "It's not a comic, it's the most celebrated graphic novel of all time, goddammit Mars!"

. . .

"C'mon, Sol. I mean, he loved her, right?"

I was scheduled to stay here till Wednesday. I'm taking a flight out tomorrow instead. Even Bond's M said, "When you can't tell your friends from your enemies, it's time to go."

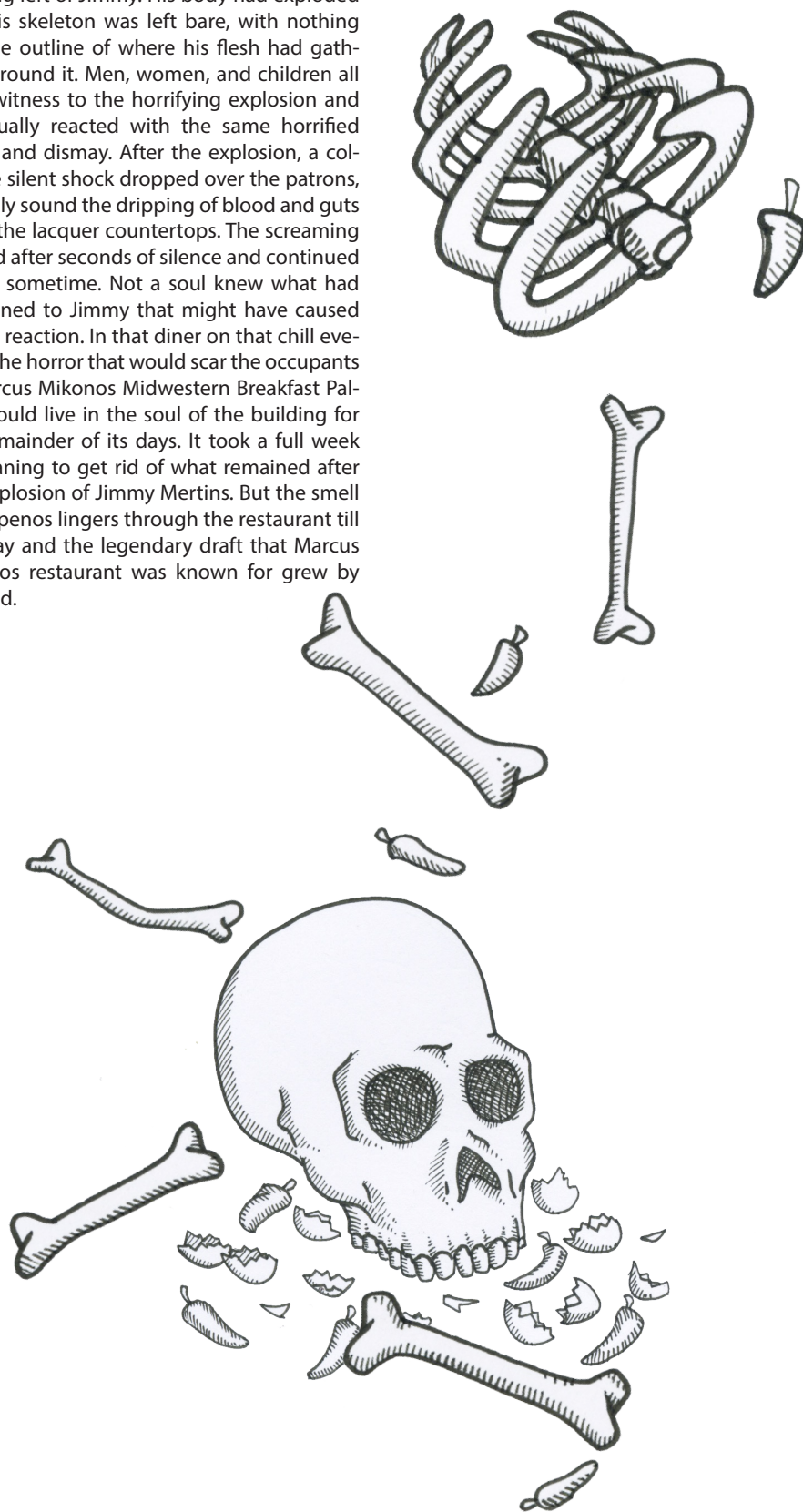
Deathfast

words **GABRIEL SPRINTS**art **CLANCY O'CONNOR**

Sliding rapidly into his favorite leather booth at Marcus Mikonos Midwestern Breakfast Palace, Jimmy Mertins felt more sad than he usually did. He had just come from a screaming match with his newly ex-girlfriend, Martha Mcevoy, which had caused a heightening of his appetite and an increase in his overall depression. They had been dating on and off since high school graduation five years ago, she had reassured him that this would be it and that they would never be seeing each other again. He had no idea how right Martha was and how short his life on this earth would be. His shiny black leather jacket rubbed uncomfortably on the cherry leather of the breakfast spot booth. The sound that his entrance into the booth made was uncomfortable for everyone who heard it. As he ripped his jacket off in frustration, he felt a chill wash over him. This was not the legendary draft that Marcus Mikonos Midwestern Breakfast Palace was known for. No, it was his body reacting to impending doom. The server, Mushell, noticed Jimmy's sudden appearance in the booth and with a rush of her legs she shot herself over to him. With a rapid pace to her words she asked what he wanted. Jimmy always got the same order; "the jalapeno scramble with extra jalapenos and a side of toast please."

"Right away sir!" Mushell replied quickly. As he examined the restaurant's customers, he could still not shake the overwhelming feeling of doom that lay deep within him. Mushell hurried back not five minutes later with his order and placed it gently in front of him. The gloss of the giant mass of eggs gave his stomach a jolt of excitement and with one hand in his lap he started to ingest the food. Happily, he tasted the jalapeno seeds and the cheese melting in the scrambled eggs. He had only consumed half of the six-egg scramble and two bites of the toast when the feeling started to wash over him. He felt his stomach swirl and his head swim with a disorienting wash of pain. He could not say he had ever felt so unbelievably disoriented in his entire life. The feelings in his head and stomach started to take over his entire body and he suddenly lurched to the floor. Falling on his face, his body started to convulse and roll around on the black and white checkered floor of the breakfast palace. His stomach was expanding and contracting at an astonishing rate. His skin turned a violet hue as he flailed himself this way and that. Everyone was staring, they had no idea what to do but call the ambulance and hope they would come quickly. Unfortunately, they did not even have time to pick up the phone, when his entire body exploded with a SPLAT

all over Marcus Mikonos Midwestern Breakfast Palace and covered the patrons and employs with Jimmy's blood and guts. There was nothing left of Jimmy. His body had exploded and his skeleton was left bare, with nothing but the outline of where his flesh had gathered around it. Men, women, and children all bore witness to the horrifying explosion and all equally reacted with the same horrified shock and dismay. After the explosion, a collective silent shock dropped over the patrons, the only sound the dripping of blood and guts off of the lacquer countertops. The screaming started after seconds of silence and continued on for sometime. Not a soul knew what had happened to Jimmy that might have caused such a reaction. In that diner on that chill evening, the horror that would scar the occupants of Marcus Mikonos Midwestern Breakfast Palace would live in the soul of the building for the remainder of its days. It took a full week of cleaning to get rid of what remained after the explosion of Jimmy Mertins. But the smell of jalapenos lingers through the restaurant till this day and the legendary draft that Marcus Mikonos restaurant was known for grew by twofold.







art **AUDREY CHARMAN**

A Very Breakfast Advice Column

Q: Help! There are too many cereals in the world. Which ones should I eat?

A: There truly are so many breakfast cereals. Editor, cancel everything else I have on my agenda—this question is the most important one that i have ever received.

A Definitive Ranking of Ten Popular Breakfast Cereals:

10. Plain Cheerios

I love plain Cheerios because they are a bland way to start off the day. If you want some extra pizzazz, you can always put some bananas or strawberries on top. I don't though, because I'm easily nauseated by flavor and enjoy eating things with little-to-no nutritional value.

9. Cap'n Crunch Oops! All Berries

Skip the middleman (the non-berry things) and get what you really want and deserve with Quaker Oats' most innovative product yet.

8. Lucky Charms

Lucky Charms truly are magically delicious. So magical, in fact, that when I accidentally ate ten boxes of them in one sitting I didn't have to poop for a week! Saved me a ton of time.

7. Frosted Flakes

Kellogg's outdid themselves with this masterpiece that combines some of my favorite things; sugar, corn and talking tigers.

6. Froot Loops

Froot Loops are great except each color tastes the same just like M&Ms. I'm a little put off by that, but the flavor is great!

5. Rice Krispies

Snap, crackle, pop, motherfuckers. I love Rice Krispies and Cheerios for a similar reason; they're both bland as fuck. Rice Krispies make noise, so it moves it higher up on the list.

4. Life

For a cereal named after a concept that is mildly unpopular, it sure tastes good!

3. Reese's Puffs

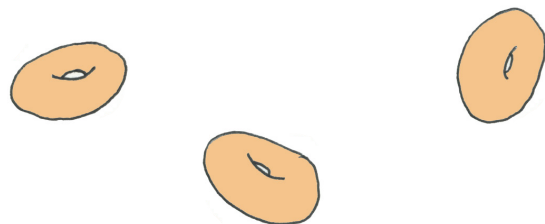
Peanut butter chocolate flavor. How could you not love Reese's Puffs? If your parents let you eat this cereal for breakfast, they are bad parents.

2. Frosted Mini Wheats

This got a hot spot on the list because of the crunch factor. The taste of that dry frosting mixed with some flakey wheat goodness is too much for me. This is the only cereal that tastes as good dry as it does with milk, which is a huge bonus for those days when I hate milk.

1. FRUITY PEBBLES

Fruity Pebbles gets the number one spot because it's the number one cereal. It tastes soooo good. The Flintstones is a boring show, but thank god those prehistoric dudes invented this amazing cereal. It's also beautiful, which is a cool aspect.



**Send Any Inquiries To
ovaskmeanything@gmail.com**

Poetry

the curves of her neck
were the curves
of a white lily
we drank
like proverbial Russian peasants
vibrating
& throbbing
to curious pulses
in those mystic places
where speech ends
"to cure the soul by means of the senses
& the senses
by means of the soul"
we knew about the
heavy liquid
of boiling youth
the world belongs to you
for a season
then
noiselessly
& w/ silver feet



words **PATRICK DUNHAM**

art **ELIJAH ROTH**

Frozen Food

a brief history

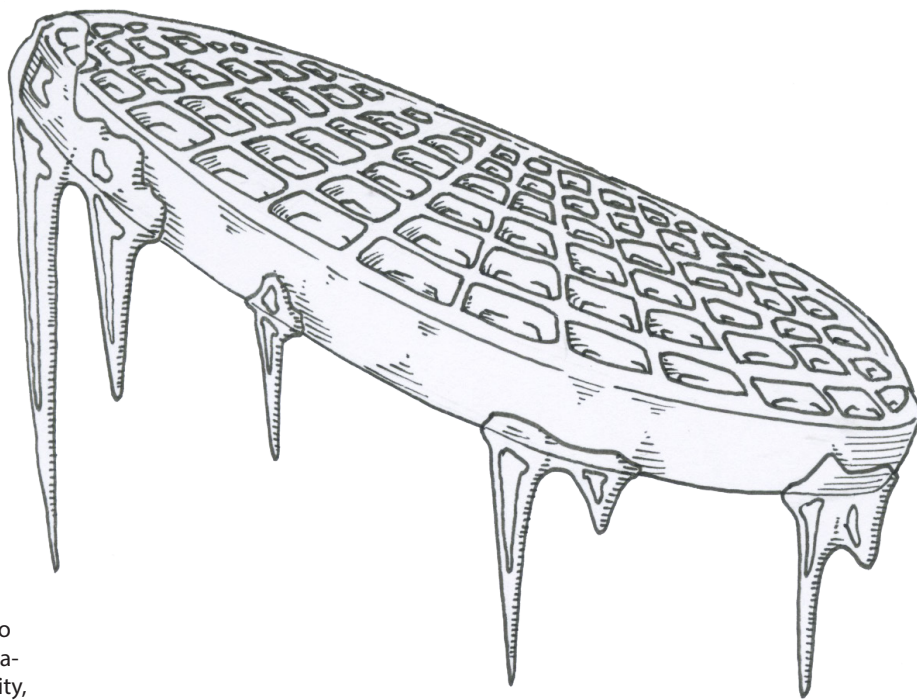
The eggo waffle is so freezer burnt I can't imagine it approximating the perfect balance of textural firmness and saccharine blueberry, but alas: no number of months in the freezer can leggo the eggo, producing the perfect result every time when toaster oven comes to broil setting. I gaze into the red heat of toaster wire, wondering if I can give name to the person who has birthed the miracle of frozen food or if it is an act of God.

Turns out God doesn't have much to do with it, but capitalism does. Clarence Birdseye dedicated his whole life to frozen food and you could say I've more or less done the same. He watched Arctic fishers reel in their kill, exposing their bodies to the immediate chill of death: I was watching my burrito spin in the microwave while very drunk. I felt a sense of camaraderie between us across countries, centuries, continents. When Birdseye's eureka moment came out of the bone chilling Labradorian winter, did he believe anybody actually eating frozen food from a box would google his name seventy years later? Probably not, google hadn't been invented yet.

Indeed, frozen food took a really long time to take off as a product. The long journey from Canadian anomaly to American staple commodity, like most products in general, is rooted in the fact that it makes no sense at all. In order for any retail provider to buy the frozen food they first had to have a freezer which hadn't yet been invented. After the invention of the proto-industrial freezer, Birdseye then also had to convince consumers they had a deep desire for a freezer. All these great lengths to put my frozen \$4.55 Annie's burrito from freezer to microwave to mouth nearly caused frozen food in general to be nothing more than a fad of endless useless technological innovation, but out of darkest moments of the canning business in the second world war frozen food; with its cellophane, its cardboard, its starch, came to somehow make people feel like they needed

to buy appliances they didn't need to cook breakfasts that aren't good (some of them are pretty good).

After its initially rough first years, frozen food obviously became a commodity regarded as so distinctly American that it has a



near institutional power. The fact that a frozen foodless world seems so unimaginable as opposed to the frozen food world emerging biologically, it almost seems to take hold over us like an ideology. I wondered at first if God had something to do with it and was shocked to find out it was actually invented by a man named Birdseye, but even if frozen food is not a godsend it certainly has a godlike command American culture.



Untitled Digital Construction 1

art **TRICIA KNOPE**

that
campus
homie

Arvind Venkataran



Arvind Venkataran is one of the founders of Apollo Tutors, a social enterprise with that offers tutoring for K-12 classes, the SAT and ACT, and for undergrad courses. Arvind describes the mission of Apollo Tutors as to “provide personalized effective and convenient tutoring for students of all ages”. In the creation of Apollo Tutors, the founders and Southern Methodist University alumni, Arvind and Shameel Thawerbhoy set out to also give back to the their community after witnessing the disparity of the quality of education in urban districts across the highway in West Dallas. Venkataran was astounded that some of these schools did not even have the funds to provide heated classrooms. With this in mind, Venkataran and Thawerbhoy aimed to provide a quality tutoring service that promised that with “every hour we tutor your child, we tutor a child in need for free”. Which Venkataran describes this endeavor as “Buy one, Teach one. In their first year, Apollo Tutors had donated over 10,000

hours of free tutoring to students in need.

Arvind Venkataran was originally a finance major, which he describes as maybe being the furthest starting point from social enterprise. But with his background in speech and debate, he developed an awareness for social issues and as the child of immigrants, he understood the importance of a good education and the vast opportunities it opens for individuals.

Outside of Apollo Tutors, Arvind has lived an eventful life. He creates original music and beats on his soundcloud (hit up brownand-downmusic) and original raps that cover topics from Buzz Aldrin to a \$25 Chilis gift card. Arvind he has also been a contestant on who Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?. The inspiration came from frequently watching the show with his roommates and being, as he describes, “Nerdy guy who knows a bunch a stuff”. With encouragement from his mom, he auditioned for the show and passed the crazy interview and

behavior monitoring. During his set, He even performed an original rap with his friend beatboxing and professed his love for Priyanka Chopra. Catch Apollo Tutors as they launch at the UO and offer tutoring for all subjects or apply to be Tutor for some a flexible extra cash. They also offer recurring sessions or emergency tutoring for those stressful days before a midterm or for when you’re a liberal arts major and your science gen ed required way more math than you thought. Apollo Tutors is also looking for UO students interested in working as a Campus Ambassador on-campus at UO. For more information visit www.apollo-tutors.org , Follow Apollo Tutors on Facebook, or email info@apollotutors.org

art **CLANCY O’CONNOR**

words **ERIN SATTERTHWAITE**

chill
spot

secret diner

In the bottom floor of the Hult Plaza office building, there is a secret diner. It’s unmarked except for a tiny sign above the door that reads “Hult Plaza Coffee Shop.” Their Facebook and Yelp pages are titled “Hult Plaza Restaurant,” though, so even the Secret Diner’s true name is a secret.

At 401 East 10th Ave, the Secret Diner sits beneath an embodiment of dreary capitalist office life. With restrictive hours of 7:00 am – 3:00 pm (2:00 pm on Fridays, closed on weekends), and a cash-only business model, the Secret Diner is the exclusive, underground location to chill in the early hours of the week.

The Diner is small, with a counter bar and a few tables and booths. It looks a diner that was built in the 90’s to look like a diner from the 50’s. The menu is small, but I am not exaggerating at all when I say that the mushroom Swiss burger was one of the best burgers I’ve ever had in my life, and I’ve had a lot of burgers.



The Secret Diner is frequented by soulless business people and old folks who just want a quiet, cramped place to eat eggs. George and Donna, the proprietors of the establishment, will serve you with kindness and love, never leaving your coffee empty or your party waiting. They’ve been there with the Secret Diner since its inception, and haven’t ever dreamed bigger than an obscure and isolated restaurant. Maybe they are content with their quaint business and never wanted to reach out to the community. Maybe they are lazy and don’t see a point to expanding into the public consciousness. Maybe it’s Maybelline. Or maybe, there’s a reason this diner is Secret.

words and photo **HENRY KORMAN**

What's The Problem With "The Breakfast Club"?

I always heard about The Breakfast Club in high school and because I didn't bother to do my research, I assumed it was about a group of kids who got together before school every morning to eat breakfast together. "What a bunch of nerds," I thought disdainfully, judging everyone who talked about the movie.

Then in high school, my friend Julie told me a story that shook me to my very core. She said that her dad said it was his favorite movie when he was in high school (she was one of those kids with a young dad, I guess) but after he graduated, it was no longer applicable and didn't speak to him the same way. After I heard this, I raced home to watch the movie. I have always been terrified of missing out on once-in-a-lifetime experiences and since I was a junior in high school, time was running out. I needed The Breakfast Club to speak to me, and since Julie's young dad loved it, I was sure I would too.

I started getting bored the second the movie started playing. "A group of kids showing up for detention on a Saturday? What a bunch of nerds," I thought. I felt no emotional attachment to any of the characters. I was waiting, desperately anticipating a moment where everything would click, where I would understand all of the character's feelings and relate to them. I wanted these people to be my best friends! The criminal dude was creepy, and the "princess" was endlessly annoying. I guess I just didn't get it.

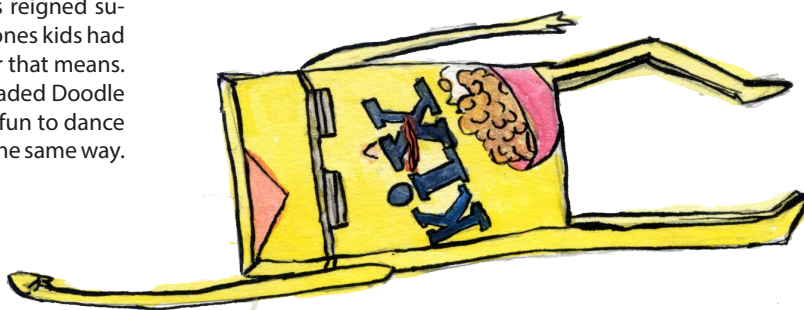
There's one line that was particularly popular on Tumblr, and I'm sure that I reblogged it when I was 15 and hadn't yet seen the movie; it's something about how if girls have sex they are called sluts and if they don't, people think they're prudes. This surely has some merit to it, there is a definite double standard when it comes to female sexuality. Any aspect of feminism in the movie is negated when the "basket case" (a pretty fucking irritating thing to call someone—just because you are quiet and have dandruff doesn't mean you are 'so fucked up' or a 'basket case'; I think that girl would have had a ~pale goth blog~ had she been a teen in the 20th century—gets a makeover. So not only are we glamorizing being a troubled quiet girl but then she has to be a hot troubled quiet girl? Then make out with the jock dude? What about the nerdy guy? He just gets left in the dust, forced to write the essay that they all want to avoid.

I guess the point of the movie is that you shouldn't judge a book by its cover, cliques are bad, yadda yadda yadda. I think the main thing that this movie gets wrong is that nobody really cares about anyone else as much as John Hughes makes it seem here. I'm pretty sure that apathy has reigned supreme in high schools for quite some time. Maybe before iPhones kids had nothing better to do than "get to know each other", whatever that means. I guess I'm just a "stupid millennial". Anyway, I just re-downloaded Doodle Jump, so I'm probably pretty jaded. I guess it sounds kind of fun to dance around in my high school library. I still can't look at Julie's dad the same way.

In summary: Ferris Bueller's Day Off is so much better.

words **TAYLOR GRIGGS**

art **ANNALEE NOCK**



MAD Respect



cartilage piercings

Kratom

fast car

Selena Gomez

anime

HELLA Petty

Pollen

Consequential

insta ads
KLCC
sneezin
dj flasco??

entitlement

the emeralds white
supremacist
over/undertones



NO Respect

Overheard

"Have you ever read A Tell-tale Heart?
That's the only short story I like."

"What is your neck tattoo?"

"Oh a Marilyn Manson song- 15, I really
liked when I was 15."

"Do I know u???"

"Uh- yeah or you wouldn't force me to
have this interaction"

"I told some guy at a party I didn't like milk
because he was talking about how much he
liked milk and he walked away from me."

"Imagine life before easybib."

"Drones are privileged art incarnate."

"I don't get this whole
Megan Fox thing."



art by **CULLEN SHARP**

OJ: Made in America, Redux



It all started in a can, in a war. Before the can you drank it fresh and not very often, because fresh means more work, fresh means someone, likely your mother or your aunt or your older sister, in the kitchen with sticky hands and a pitcher. Fresh isn't fast and it isn't cheap and it doesn't work for soldiers. Soldiers get cans. They also get scurvy, no small inconvenience for generals and Roosevelts when what they should be getting is shot at. And while they were generously distributed by higher-ups to nurture conscripted teenagers' scurvy frames, the rank-and-file on the Western front in 1942 didn't much fancy the taste of dehydrated lemon crystals. Enter the can.

In truth it was a late entrance. By the time the federal government, the Florida Department of Citrus, and a ragtag team of vitamin C-loving scientists perfected frozen concentrated orange juice, the war had been over three years. O.j.'s journey to ubiquity, on the other hand, had just begun. To be clear, the twentieth century's love affair with orange juice has been a distinctly American one. It's only on American sitcoms that the characters sit arrayed around the kitchen table with tall glasses of liquid orange alongside their eggs and bacon. Viral Facebook articles and health magazines won't stop reminding us that orange juice makes about as much sense as a breakfast drink as Dr. Pepper, but as usual they fail to wrap their heads around a fairly simple fact, which is: there's no going back now.



I can casually concede that there's no quantifiable reason orange juice should be a breakfast drink, no grounds for its status as an American staple, no sense to be made of the whole affair but to chalk it up to capitalism and chance. A pitcher of orange juice is a key ingredient in the highly-aestheticized "Friends" breakfast, in which for some reason all six of them partake together on weekdays. I was watching a rerun the other day and found myself unnerved by the missed opportunity for product placement -- why isn't Joey seen glugging from a carton of Tropicana or a jug of Minute Maid straight out of the fridge? "Don't drink all the Florida's Best!" Monica would say -- "It's the best!" Instead all we're greeted with is her lonely purple pitcher, useless, fixed, unbranded. Does she make it from concentrate? That seems out-of-character for a woman whose only real salient traits are 1) "loves control" and 2) "loves to cook." Are we meant to believe, then, that she wakes up extra early every morning to squeeze fresh orange juice by hand for her shitty friends, hunched over the kitchen sink besieged with pulp, sticky with sugar and juice, waiting for the sun to rise, pressing and pressing and pressing? The pitcher never seems to go empty; Phoebe's cup runneth over. Even without an ad spot, I craved the sweet, tangy respite of an individual plastic bottle of Simply Orange like they sell near the check-out counter at grocery stores next to all the candy and soda.

To be fair, it could be worse. A British breakfast in the Middle Ages consisted of cold fish and ale, and now, of course, they put centuries of imperial rule to good use by formulating an entire cultural identity around tea they stole from China, while we in America form ours around tea we stole from England and dumped in our own harbor. In Egypt before 1843 morning meant coffee and a pipe, no meal to be heard of before noon. Now, they're drinking tea with breakfast, too. It's just us with the orange juice.

Urban legend holds that deep in West Virginia young parents put soda in their babies' sippy cups because it's cheaper than water and faster

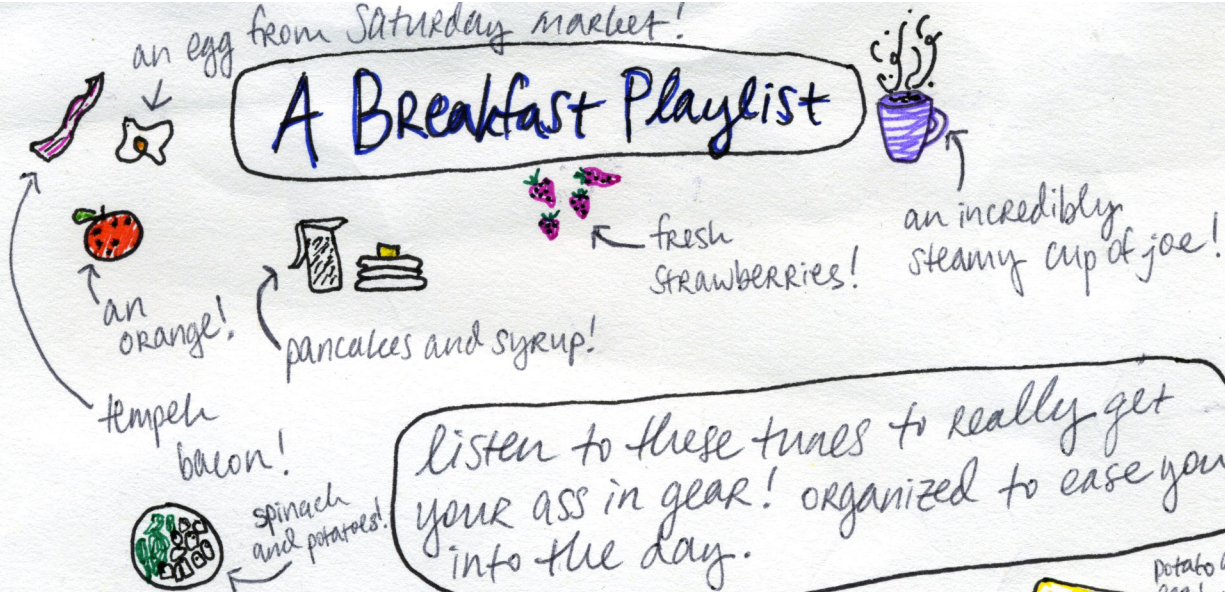
than breastmilk. I fact-checked it and it's true: "Mountain Dew Mouth" is Destroying Appalachia's Teeth, Critics Say," reads an NPR article from 2013. These critics were nowhere to be found when I was drinking 250 nutrient-free calories of orange juice out of a sippy cup right before bed on my seventh birthday. My father was reading me Tolkien as he'd done for my three sisters before, soft with the same pages, the same house with cold, clean water from the fridge just waiting for me to be thirsty.

O.j. hasn't been so different from Coke (or Mountain Dew, for that matter) in the American story. After WWII the popularity of concentrated orange juice soared in large part because it was cheap and it was fast, no sticky hands necessary, just a pitcher and a tap. Floridian processing plants in 1949 output nearly ten million gallons of o.j. from concentrate, this time to be packaged and sold to American families instead of shipped overseas to malnourished troops. Canned-and-frozen orange juice enjoyed a heyday of three decades before re-constituted orange juice was introduced to the market in the eighties, faster, better-tasting, not from concentrate, and not as cheap. Fresher, too, supposedly, although the process of pasteurization and deoxygenation required for NFC o.j. strips the citrus of its natural flavor and necessitates the last-minute addition of a "flavor pack," whose contents the FDA does not require listed on the side of the carton for consumers. Today ninety percent of the Florida orange crop matriculates into the orange juice industry, a quantity of 15 billion pounds of oranges a year. On a piece-rate the average farm worker in Florida earns 85 cents per 90 pounds of oranges. In the store you can buy it for 6¢ an ounce.

We'll take the juice but not the fruit. Americans like their citrus sugary and ready-to-pour, which is why we've ditched oranges in recent years for mandarins. Oranges are bulky, thick-skinned, hard to undress, sometimes seedy. Mandarins are small, compact, easy to seize and peel and eat. Nonetheless the smell of oranges reminds my mother of Christmas. She recounts a story she swears she heard from some other Mormon lady about a Great Depressive childhood in the thirties, when oranges made for stocking-stuffers. There's another Mormon story my mother loves, one of those passed-around legends that may or may not be true, that makes my father cry every year. This one is about a little rich girl who learns a lesson of tolerance, compassion, and all the rest when a poor boy in her class gifts her a lowly orange for Christmas. In the story the little boy's name is Roy.

Lumber mills are as plentiful in Idaho as orange trees are in Florida, dotting the valleys and employing all the workers, at least until the eighties when it all went to shit. This is where my father worked in late August of 1971, just after his fourteenth birthday, in the strange summer years before he met my mother. Sometimes the work would go late into the night, pushing dinner, pushing midnight -- on his first night on the job, pushing three in the flat-skied morning with all its stars, the ones you can see anywhere there except Boise. At 3:15 his father pulled up to the mill in the family car and said, "Get in." Like me, my father is one of five, four boys and a girl packed close in age and corralled into dinner out at restaurants only on birthdays or when absolutely unavoidable. At 3:20 Grandpa Roy pulled into the parking lot of a diner just off the highway and said, "Mike, I'm taking you to breakfast." It all sounds trite when you hear it: fabricated rites of manhood, suburban teenagedom, the overwrought Americana of the sixties, the hum of the little green car after it had been turned off, the bells jangling over the door of a diner called Norma's or Johnny's or Jack's. To my father it is painstakingly real. The smells of eggs and bacon after twelve hours of physical labor. The shape of the waitress' voice hazy and soft through exhaustion. The bright yellow trembling of the orange juice in his father's glass as the sun came up in the window.

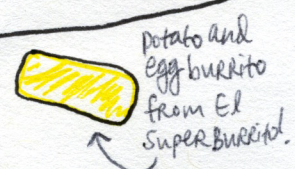
words **DOROTHEA MOSMAN**
art **HARRISON SMITH**



① FOR Phoebe Still a Baby
- Cocteau Twins
(Blue Bell Knoll)
airy, soft, lovely.



⑥ MR. Jones
- Talking Heads
(Naked)
my friend always brushes her teeth to this song.



② Little Eyes
- Yo La Tengo
(Summer Sun)
perfect morning lyrics.
from one of my favorite albums ever.



⑦ Nothing Feels Natural
- Priests
(Nothing Feels Natural)
a pump up. really good, fresh sound.

③ A Burning Hill
- Mitski
(Puberty 2)
melancholy, empowering.



⑧ Breakfast Eggs
- Ty Segall
(Emotional Muggers)
thematically fitting and also badass. start moshing.

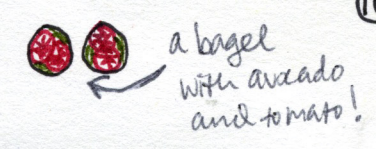


④ Record Level Love
- Guided By Voices
(Motivational Jumpsuit)
a sweet one from the alt rock masters



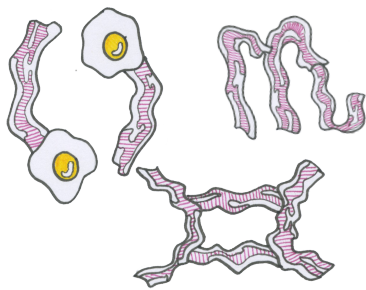
⑨ Hard-Boiled Babe
- Lizzy Mercier Descloux
(Best Off)
zippy, fun, walk out the door to the beat.

⑤ Magic Dance
- David Bowie
(The Labyrinth Soundtrack)
I think you can see why.



⑩ Do You Realize??
- The Flaming Lips
(Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots)
this one just puts it all in perspective. always reminds me of Boyhood.

BREAKFAST HOROSCOPES



PISCES

Asks lover to bring the small carton of berries and warm strawberry milk back to the comfort of The fleece womb. Mother calls about the sock that went missing yesterday. Pisces leaves the house with twenty minutes to spare and enjoys the feeling of sun on showered hair.

ARIES

Forgot to wash off yesterday's makeup but believes now is good enough. Sleeps with socks on to protect precious feet from demons, rife with night time superstition. Aries didn't eat breakfast but told their friends they had an acai bowl.

TAURUS

Wakes up with their blankets tangled at their knees and searches the kitchen for toast crumbs. Taurus settles on a smoothie with eight servings of fruit but won't settle for anything else today they tell themselves.

GEMINI

Doesn't floss, cuts favorite shirt into crop top then complains about it all day. If sick, Gemini uses receipts, notecards, socks, if tissues are not in reach. Has never heard of breakfast in their life.

CANCER

Facetimes their parent's dog. Consults the Tarot deck next to the bed. Crafts Banana Coconut pancakes with an Orange zest syrup and is then too excited to eat.

LEO

Leo is the most likely to actually make a bed. Fell asleep thinking about tomorrow's outfit. Has four pinterest boards dedicated to overnight oats.

VIRGO

Greets their alarm clock as a sojourner who returns home victorious. Has three holes in each sock but is okay. Digs into the Continental Breakfast with gusto!

LIBRA

Brushes teeth while peeing, has a capsule closet. Sends text message to mom about depression before getting out of bed. Libra's bed is a sanctuary, be proud of any Libra who leaves theirs.

SCORPIO

Wakes up at first light and thinks about getting a Death before Decaf tattoo before completing their To-Do lists. Dollops yogurt on homemade granola finished with a sprinkle of nutmeg.

SAGITTARIUS

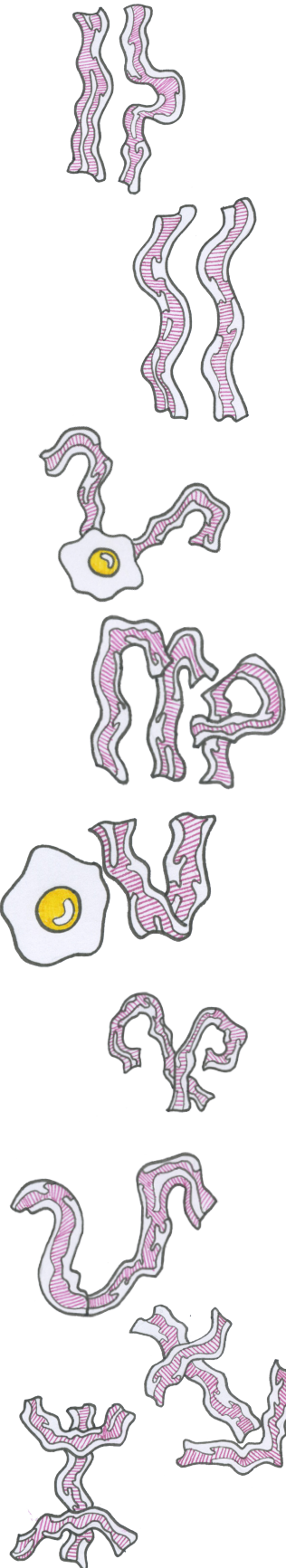
Doesn't hear the alarm the first, second, or third time, lays in bed for an hour. Gets dressed last and forgets to grab a jacket. Sagittarius eats cereal with coconut milk and pretends it doesn't change the flavor.

CAPRICORN

Accidentally kicks lover in the stomach as they enthusiastically spring from bed it was an accident. Looks for black hoodie in mess of black clothing on the floor. Reheats cold pizza in a frying pan and adds a fried egg.

AQUARIUS

Never went to sleep the night before, deletes eight tweets before anyone else wakes up. Rubs eyes vigorously and to a fault. Has breakfast planned out, Aquarius puts fresh lemon on everything.



words **HALLIE FROST & ANNALEE NOCK**
art **CLANCY O'CONNOR**

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THE BREAKFAST ISSUE

volume xxvii issue IV